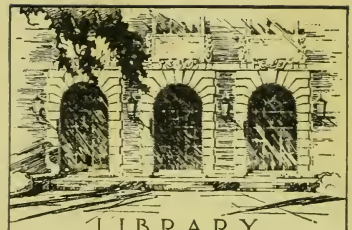

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Sedley

A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.

VOL I.

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A

WINTER IN DUBLIN:

A descriptive Tale.

By CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.

Author of The Barouche Driver, Infidel Mother, Mask of Fashion, &c. &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THOSE PEOPLE, "*like ancient Medals, are kept apart; and, "passing but few hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which "the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not "unpleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible; "that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscrip-"tion they bear.*" STERNE.

LONDON:

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho,

FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET,

CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1808.

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TO

MR. SHERIFF PHILLIPS,

&c. &c.

SIR,

WHILE public approbation appreciates the zeal with which you have entered into the laborious execution of your public duties; there are many private individuals who bear, towards you, the humbler testimonials of your private worth.

To your advice, friendship, and support, I owe the earliest dawn of my success in business; and embrace, with pleasure, the present occasion to express the respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be,

SIR,

Your obliged and

faithful Servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

5' Wigmore Street,
24th Oct. 1807.

PREFACE.

THREE times have I, already, appeared before the town—a candidate for public favour: and, three times, have my labors been honored with a most ample share of distinguished patronage.

But, lest I should forget, that PUBLIC APPROBATION is not, exclusively, a

shield against the shafts of PRIVATE ENMITY or of PARTIAL CRITICISM; the Editor of a new-fangled Review has LIBERALLY undertaken to remind me of this fact, by loading me with GROSS, PERSONAL, INSULT; not only on account of what I HAVE—but, of what I HAVE NOT—written.

It is not my nature to be superior to reproof—insensible to praise—or deaf to admonition: but I will neither flatter nor bribe—fear nor brave—ANY LITERARY PORCUPINE, however he may lance the malevolent asperities of his

quill, at me, in obedience to the scurrility, moroseness, vulgarity, or ignorance, of his own ruffian disposition.

I presented the "Barouche Driver and his Wife" to the town, as a descriptive effort of the follies of the day: and whatever may be its demerits as a work, the moral will, most undoubtedly, entitle me to support from the rising generation; whose beacon I am, in reflecting the quicksands of fashionable dissipation.

And as novelty, always, excites a portion of curiosity, I make no doubt the FIRST number of this VALUABLE Review will find many readers; in which event, I feel that I shall have to thank the LEARNED Editors, for an enlarged sale of the Work they are pleased, so elaborately, to bedaub with censure. In return for which favor, I beg them to DIGEST, and to APPLY, the following anecdote.

"Diogenes, chancing to meet a procession of magistrates attending a criminal, to execution, who had stolen a

small phial from the public treasury, exclaimed—

" Look at the GREAT ROGUES executing a petty thief!"—

The higher circles of society, are, I believe, equally DISSOLUTE, throughout the POLISHED world—I, therefore, describe them with " all their imperfections on their heads"—but, when I touch upon the national character of the Irish, I take infinite pleasure in doing justice to a people, who are—proverbially—industrious, hospitable, ge-

nerous, and brave: eager in conferring favors — grateful in receiving them: lively, affable, and courteous; but gifted with a sensibility which—though honest-hearted and unsuspicious—occasions them to be quick in their resentment, and obstinate in their revenge.

Of their situation—politically considered—I merely glance at evils that are not without remedy; shewing that, if we want their attachment, we should give them reason to love us—and, if we want them to fight our battles, we

should give them something to fight for.

No dominion can be secure, which is not founded in the hearts of the people!

In fulfilling these objects, I have striven to convey instruction, through the medium of a simple fable; and, if the MERE novel reader should dislike any digressions, I may make, in illustration of the subject before me—I beg to premise, that these volumes are meant to combine the UTILE

with the DULCI; and not, solely, prepared for the amusement of those, who, with a hop, step, and jump, bound through a story—because it is a story—and then hurry back, to their Circulating Library, for SOMETHING NEW.—

My sketches are slight; but, I believe, faithful—I submit them with respect and gratitude to the world at large.

CHARLES SEDLEY.

Ramsgate,
Oct. 17, 1807.

MOTTO.

..... A snow-white veil covered her blushing face—her large blue eyes were bent on earth—dignity flowed round her graceful steps—a shining tear fell, glittering, on her cheek:

She appeared lovely as the mountain flower when the ruddy beams of the rising sun gleam on its dew-covered sides.

OSSIAN.

A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.

HER dressing-room was obscured by green venetians, and Ellen Perceval, in all the retired solemnity of sorrow, reposed her pale cheek upon her snowy arm. A gentle sweetness and trembling delicacy mingled with the lineaments of affliction that clouded o'er her brow, and disclosed the memory of a

dreadful calamity, softening into chastened grief.

A little week had, scarcely, passed since the full-plumed hearse had robbed her bosom of its best, its only joy!

From earliest recollection, when the eloquent lisp of infancy first prattles forth each young desire, Ellen had been a stranger to a parent's tenderness, save in her maternal uncle, William Loftus, Esq: nor had the voice of friendship ever won upon her artless affections, save from the mild and gentle accents

of the amiable Mrs. Howard; who had, for many years, been the humble companion, rather than the housekeeper, of her departed relative.

Mr. Loftus had glided, peaceably, through the voyage of life, until he reached his fifty-seventh year; and then—at peace within, and at peace with all mankind, he yielded, almost without a sigh, to the mild approach of death.

The ancestors of Mr. Loftus had, from time immemorial, transmitted from

father to son a well established factory; but the late descendant, never having married, gave up his business to be at leisure to protect, in retirement, the orphan infancy of his darling little Ellen.

One other relative alone remained of this respectable family; and him Mr. Loftus had never seen.

He was the grandson of an elder brother, whom a family quarrel, assisted by the ardency of speculation, had induced early in life to adventure to the West

Indies; where he, soon after, married and settled.

Young Montague, the hero of our tale, was the issue of that brother's daughter, by Mr. Montague Burgoyne; a gentleman highly gifted with all those insinuating powers for which his countrymen—the Irish—are so proverbially distinguished.

Having survived a brother and sister, he was left, at the death of his parents, —then scarcely seventeen—as rich as a Nabob; but the profusion, generosity,

and thoughtless philanthropy of the Creole, being grafted, in his soul, on the national extravagance of the Milesian, my readers may perhaps, anticipate, that the youthful career of our hero was like the effulgence of an artificial sun—brilliant while it lasted; but soon expended in the rapid ebullition of contending splendors.

The privations of poverty, Montague bore as a deserved chastisement; but his proud spirit was ill disposed to brook the insolence of unfeeling affluence; he, therefore, cheerfully accepted a situation

in an expedition destined for St. Domingo, where he was supposed to be at the time of his uncle's death.

The retirement in which the old gentleman lived, as well as his constitutional habits, placed a bar to all communication between himself, and his spendthrift relative; but as he was the only remaining male branch of the family, and as adversity was calculated to restore, to him, that reason of which prosperity appeared wholly to have deprived him, Mr. Loftus made a will in his favor, but to this effect:

To Mrs. Howard he bequeathed an annuity of one hundred pounds, in testimony of his regard. To each of his domestics, one year's wages; and the remainder of his fortune, which, in bank stock, and landed estate, amounted to upwards of six thousand per annum, he gave to Montague Burgoyne and Ellen Perceval, and to their joint heirs for ever. The conditions being, that they intermarried within the space of two years next ensuing his decease: And in the event of either party refusing to comply with such his will; then and in that case, the whole of the aforesaid es-

tate, real and personal, was given and bequeathed to the other party, and his or her heirs for ever.

Of Ellen's parents the history is concise and affecting.

Miss Loftus—many years the junior of her brother—became early in life the wife of Colonel Perceval, an officer in the East India Company's service; who being recalled about eighteen months afterwards to his official duties, the little Ellen, only seven months old, was considered too young to encounter such a voyage, and

was left at home by a doating mother under the immediate protection of her brother.

Having passed some years of meritorious service abroad, during which he was promoted to the rank of General, Ellen's father was deputed to be the bearer of overland dispatches to the Honourable Company.

At this period, Mrs. Perceval was the mother of two other girls and a boy; and fortune having sufficiently smiled on the services of the General, it was

his intention to retire on half pay. The whole family, therefore, as well as the whole of their property, began, under a strong escort, the perilous journey of the sandy deserts.

Panting with the fond anticipation of returning to a child and brother, tenderly beloved, Mrs. Perceval smiled at the terrors of her journey; and the cavalcade was within two days march of the scorching boundary, when they were suddenly attacked in their tents, at day-break, by a desperate horde of Arabian banditti.

The contest was short, and decisive.

Superior numbers soon claimed the honor of the bloody conflict—when their chief, enamoured with the beauties of his fair captive, brutally advanced to clasp her to his breast; but the unhappy General, still bleeding with his wounds, made a desperate effort to her rescue, and plunged his poniard in the villain's heart.

With a lengthened groan, the dying Arab bit his native soil—the exasperated

savages rushed forward on his fall; and father, mother, children, all, were victims to their ruthless vengeance!

Ellen was too young to feel the extent of her loss, although she wept it with a childish simplicity; and the circumstances being thought too horrible for the contemplation of her infant mind, she was merely made acquainted with the loss she had sustained, by a fatality incident to foreign adventure.

The peculiar calamities which marked the page of the foregoing history, and

the unprotected situation of Ellen, formed, as it were, a more impressive claim on the benevolent affections of her uncle; who treated her with a kindness, that could only have been equalled by the unaffected gratitude, and cordial love, of his amiable protegée.

Deprived of this last resource, Ellen found herself, at the age of twenty, an alien to the world. It was true, a certain path had been marked out for her pursuit; yet it appeared to her not without its difficulties.

The seclusion, more than want of sensibility, to which Ellen had been accustomed, had, hitherto, shielded her bosom from the attacks of love; and, although she was not conscious of being romantic in her nature, still she attached to the disposal of her hand, the unreserved gift of her heart; and trembled lest her *unalterable* union, with her cousin, might teem with future inquietudes.

But it was a law imposed by her dear departed uncle, which no dread of per-

sonal inconvenience, or even sufferings, could have induced her to disobey.

She had never seen Montague; but she had often heard of his excesses: still his heart was uncorrupted by fashionable principles.

The extremities of want had never led him to the commission of a dishonourable action: and the only favor Mr. Loftus had ever denied his daughter—as he called her—was when he turned sternly from her, as she, in the agonies of despair, with bended knee

and streaming eyes, besought him to release her cousin Montague from prison.

But Mr. Loftus was firm—his virtues were not of that pliant nature which will admit direction: they were founded on the purest basis, and were only exerted in a noble cause. The appointment, however, which Montague afterwards accepted, was clandestinely procured him by this uncle; and his creditors, who, he thought, in mercy released him from confinement, had previous-

ly, under strict charges of secrecy, received ten shillings in the pound.

Not to dwell on scenes of melancholy, we will translate our heroine from Berkshire to Bolton Row; whither she had moved, on a friendly visit to an old school-fellow, lately married to Mr. Wilmot, a gentleman of fortune: they kept their carriage, and moved in every respectable circle of polite life.

Ellen, though introduced in all the pensive shade of sorrow, was not, naturally, of a grave or a reserved disposi-

tion. On the contrary, an almost perpetual smile, expressed the naiveté and bewitching frankness of her character—she resembled the " blue-eyed maid, and " the white bosomed nymph of Erin," so celebrated by the bards of old. Softness, delicacy, and candour, borrowed new attraction from her social manners. Her figure, when in motion, was dangerously interesting—graceful, yet agile—love, only, was wanting to give, if possible, an increased lustre to her dazzling beauty.

Meanwhile, the executors having

written to Montague in St. Domingo, he replied, to our heroine, as follows.

" St. Marc, Aug. 17, 1797.

" My dear Cousin,

" Suffer me, I entreat, to condole with you on the loss you have sustained —You are too unfashionable, I am persuaded, to be offended at my so doing— virtuous minds do not easily forget the deserved objects of their affections.

" You will deem me equally ungallant, and insensible, when I tell you it is my intention to renounce all claim to my

late uncle's will, as well as all pretension to the still richer gift he would have made me.

" Nay, do not start!—'tis even so—and lest you may think me stupidly romantic, I pray you to judge, ere you condemn, me.

" At my father's death, I took leave of College, and giddily whirled up to town. Here, I soon found my minority allowance of eight hundred a year very inadequate to my expences, and there being little difficulty in raising money

from the convenient Israelites, I signed away a large portion of my fortune before I came of age.

" In a life of dissipation, when every folly is hailed as a coming pleasure, I made many FRIENDSHIPS, that were dear to me, both male and female.

" Need I add, ALL were unblushing traitors to the cause, as soon as fortune fled me.

" Too much sensibility, perhaps, served to embitter this disappointment,

which example ought to make us familiar with. Confinement gave new impetus to my lacerated feelings, till I indulged, with increasing avidity, a general hatred towards my fellow creatures.

" Under this impression—which I fondly cherish—would it be honourable, in me, to offer you a heart estranged from the common humanities of nature?

" No, beauteous Ellen! enrich with your person and accomplishments some worthier pretender to your lovely hand.

I am not a stranger to your worth—nor am I blind to my own demerits . . . . .

" May Heaven direct your choice!

" It is my intention to return home very shortly; indeed, I have, already, applied for leave. The little I have amassed, will clear off my debts, and procure me an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year; on which, I shall *still* eat the bread of independence.

" The world I shall shun; but at your

door I shall beg an early admittance at my return. Farewell!

Believe me to be,

My dear Cousin,

Your affectionate friend,

M. BURGOYNE."

The perusal of this letter, at first, filled Ellen with surprise; but that cold unfeeling sentiment soon yielded to a softer emotion.

She read the letter again, and again—what sentiment! . . . what delicacy! . .

how improperly did she appreciate the destiny that awaited her!

" Amiable youth!"—she murmured in soliloquy—" *O, what a noble mind is* " *here o'erthrown!*"

At first, a playfulness mingled with the involuntary recollections of this magic letter; but Ellen suffered herself to dwell so often, and so sweetly, on the pleasing theme; that, at length, a visionary passion filled her bosom, and the yielding gentleness of her dispo-

sition encouraged the dangerous intruder.

Imagination embodied this idol of her soul, whose benign looks pierced to her very heart's existence.

She would sit, pensively, in the twilight's interesting shade; and, lost in the delirium of seducing fancy, hang upon his smile—the dulcet melody of his voice would steal on her 'raptured ear—her eye gazed enamoured with his manly beauty.

At these moments, Ellen represented the Sappho divested of voluptuous languor.

Her pure soul was unconscious of a thought that angels might not have listened to. She was calm in the bosom of visionary transports—viewing, without partaking them: her mind, awakened to enthusiasm, was unchecked by the rigid rules of cold philosophy: her tongue, it is true, was silent; but a certain glow flushing her cheek, ebb'd and flow'd to the pulses of her agita-

ted bosom, and every feature was eloquent.

This was the metamorphosis of protean love—how changed!

Lovely reader, let me conduct you, twelve months past, to the seat of Mr. Loftus, in Berkshire—behold the blooming Ellen, leading her uncle through the gay parterre—her countenance breathing the animated touches of unsophisticated nature.

Persuasion hung upon her balmy

lips, and her softened voice gave interest to every word she uttered. In sportive admiration she would mark the gaily blossomed flowret, distinguishing those most favoured with the rosy touches of her tapered finger.

Her elastic gait—so free, so wild, so unrestrained—was grace personified; and laughing joy beamed gaily in her sportive smile.

This flower-garden led to a verdant lawn sloping to a narrow trout-stream.

Here, Ellen had fitted up a little summer library, embosomed in a wilderness of sweets.

The arbutus covered with fruit—the blooming moss rose—the creeping jessamine—and the luxuriant myrtle—in part concealed the building from the view.

In the pebbled front, the small antique casement was obscured with wreaths of pendent passion flowers, in luxuriant drapery:—a delicious perfume stole from the sweetly scented mignionette,

that mingled with the purple violet beneath; and the moss clad porch was supported by four small fluted pillars entwined with the scarlet woodbine.

At his Ellen's side, the good Mr. Loftus would sit, for hours, listening to the melody of her harp—the pathos of a favorite author—or the smiling charms of her sportive conversation.

These were halcyon days!—

Removed to London; Ellen, hitherto, was a novice in the fashionable world:

It was not the season to be in town; but Mrs. Wilmot was compelled to be untonish, in consequence of her expected confinement.

The green park was a favourite lounge with Ellen. She walked there, almost every morning, before breakfast: at first, with a book, which she fancied she might indulge, in reading, beneath the shady trees that bound the canal; but she was soon convinced of her error.

Men of fashion, in London, are too

politely attentive to the ladies to allow them these solitary enjoyments—some impertinent puppy, or other, always drove her from the study, and she found it even *unsafe* to walk without the attendance of her footman.

Other leisure parts of the day were, chiefly, devoted to music, or to drawing; and the Stranger in London did not even pant to see the shows.

At length, while our heroine was pleasing herself with the anxiously expected arrival of Montague Burgoyne,

and laying little *selfish* plans to restore him to society; the papers announced his capture on his passage from St. Domingo, with the melancholy addition of his having been shot, with others at the Gonaives, by order of Toussaint.

This overwhelming intelligence harrowed every feeling in the bosom of the gentle Ellen—so melancholy a fate! —to die by the brutal decree of a barbarian, for no other crime than his color! . . . . . .

Poor Ellen! how would she have felt,

had she been aware of the dreadful similarity between his fate, and that of her parents—but oftentimes,

"*Ignorance is bliss!*"

It became, now, necessary that our heroine, should appeal to reason to arm her against self: gradually, the absurdity of her sorrow mellowed into compassion for her cousin's wayward fate; till, at length, she *taught* herself to view the subject with that good sense, which had always guided her, on less romantic occasions.

The birth-day passed; and now the fashionable world began to usher in the *approach* of winter.

Ellen was delighted with the opera—the brilliancy of the circle filled her with admiration.

At the attitudes of Parisot, the grace of Rose, the vigor of Didelot, the fascination of Hilligsberg, she gazed with surprise—but, to the soul thrilling notes of Banti, her responsive feelings melted with congenial ecstacy.

It would appear, that the introduction of Italian music into this country, had vitiated the national character, and transformed the rough Englishman into the effeminate Venetian.

The strains of our bards of old, though simple, were animated:

"*The sprightly harp's melodious voice,*
"*arose from the strings of Ossian—the*
"*soul melted away in the sounds—for the*
"*heart, like a stream, flowed, gently, away*
"*in the song.*"

They recorded the customs, manners, virtues, and heroism of the day.

Traditionary poetry was adapted to music, and the most perfect harmony prevailed. Each verse was so connected with those which preceded or followed it, that if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest. The cadences flowed in so natural a gradation, and the words were so adapted to the common turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was almost im-

possible, from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another.

Such *was* harmony!—but FASHION is the god of gods, and lord of lords.

Fashion commands the understanding to bow before a pandemonium of idols—and foreign fiddlers teach us how to hear, by tones—half tones—and cadences; while the professor runs his skilful finger from G on the base to G in alt.

The ear is thus drilled into taste; and

the senses taught, like war horses, to stand fire—when the full clangor of the orchestra bursts, suddenly, upon them.

The simple * ballad is unknown; in-

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* It is most singular, that Banti possessed the secret of reaching the heart, almost as powerfully as Mrs. Siddons, and yet was deficient, altogether, in science.

The compass of her voice was sweet, flexible, and impressive; and as the lady was usually INSPIRED before she made her appearance, she wildly gave the rein to her powers, which sport-

somuch, that the lullaby of a fashionable nursery maid, closes, at every stanza, with an Italian grace.

And who composes the brilliant throng of *dilletanti* which fashionably crowd this fairy scene?

Lords and ladies—matrons and misses —jews and gentiles—one half of whom

---

ed, unchecked, through the mazy changes of the most difficult passages, with an effect, daring and impressive beyond the aid of language to describe.

do not understand the language of the piece; and the other half—have neither taste nor science: but fashion will *become* all wonder at the lengthened *sostenuto*—suffer with the colicky *cromatique*—inspire with the bold *soprano*—yield to the soft *piano*—brighten with the merry *Allegro*—mourn with the slow *Adagio* . . .

And, at the superlative *bravura*—burst into noisy, rapturous, * clamors of applause!

* Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Liston are the only

And now our heroine was ushered into the stream of fashion, whose irresistible current bears all before it.

At first, the novelty of parties was pleasing; but Ellen soon perceived the repetition of these galas to be nothing more than a round of insipid sameness—

Every drawing room presented the

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chaste singers in England, and cannot be too much applauded for their perseverance in propriety.

same faces; and the confusion, glitter, and expence, was every where alike.

This fashionable association, so madly pursued by the HAUTONTIADES, might be tolerated if it were *confined* to the folly and profusion so eminently conspicuous in the higher circles; but when Vice reigns mistress of the revels, Morality will call Satire to her aid, to scourge the miscreant from society.

A fashionable London rout has been so often described, that I will not vapour my fair readers, with a *da capo* of

the strain; and the more so, as this work is most especially written for the entertainment of personages elegantly *au fait* on the subject.

But as neither the Bishops, the Bow-Street officers, nor the Satirist have been able to expel the pharo table from houses of fashion;—

And, as neither the pride of birth, the pomp of office, nor the dignity of virtue, are protections against fashionable licentiousness—the unblushing gamester—male as well as female—votes admo-

nition to be a bore, and pursues, unceasingly, the unprincipled career.

And why, *unprincipled?*

Because there are TITLED SWINDLERS, who laugh at our laws—PRIVILEGED KNAVES, who rob the industrious tradesman to pay a debt of honor to a blackleg—DEGRADED REPTILES, who *purchase* goods for the hammer, and revel, in all fashionable debaucheries, at the expense of honest families whom their depravity has ruined!

Heaven-born privileges! Grand boast of our constitution!

To prove, however, that these high-born distinctions are not confined to England, I pray the reader to con the following emulative description of the Neapolitan nobility, as given by Kotzebue, on his late travels.

"The higher classes of Naples are the savages of Europe—they eat, drink, sleep—GAME!

"They neither have, nor want, any other occupation than the last.

"The states of Europe are overthrown—they game not the less—

"Pompeii comes forth from his grave—still they game—

"The earth shakes—Vesuvius vomits forth its flames—yet the gaming table is not forsaken—

"The splendid ruins of Pæstum, in the immediate vicinity of the city, are only known to strangers—the Neapolitans being incessantly engaged in gaming—

"Prince Rufando, descended from one of the proudest families of Naples, is keeper of the principal gaming house in the city: and many of the first nobility follow his noble example.

"*Thither all the great world hasten at the approach of evening. Strangers must be presented; but that is merely form. The guest makes a slight incli-

* As the English noblesse *used* to *drive*, after the Opera, to Saint James's Square; and *now do* to every fashionable Square, or Street, in London—*pour s'amuser!*

nation to his host; who, as slightly, returns it: but it is an invariable rule not to speak.

"In other respects, it is like a coffee room; with this exception, that you cannot procure refreshments at any rate.

"A spacious ill-furnished room is the rendezvous of the rouge-et-noir and faro tables. An immense pile of chairs, heaped in a corner, are your assurance of the number of guests expected; who, as they enter, rush towards the glitter-

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ing tables, and fix their gloating eyes on the golden hoard.

" Scarcely a whisper is articulated ;— a louder key would be silenced by an universal groan from the company.

" Females of every age and class degrade their sex and character by mingling with this rapacious band.

" The princess N——, for instance, is a professed gamester. Even divines and children game—the infant daughter of the Marquis Berio, who is scarcely

eight years of age, is a constant attendant at *this pastime.*

"It is maintained, by some, that Prince Rufando ensures a yearly income of five thousand ducats, by this degrading traffic—by others, it is limited to a daily pension of twelve ducats, for converting his palace into a gaming *house!"

---

* M—— used to allow Mrs. S—— twenty guineas per night, for admitting his pharo table.

Turn not, fair reader, indignant from this scene—

"The gamblers of Saint James's Street differ as little from the gamblers of Naples, as the fashionable NUDE, in Kensington Gardens, differs from the FULL DRESSED Elegante in the ornamented alleys of the Thuilleries, or the illuminated arcades of the Palais Royal.

I remember a celebrated beauty of high rank and accomplishment, who stood foremost as the fair monopolist of every personal indecency; and yet pre-

served her reputation untainted by a single blast from slander. I would not, however, recommend the example to others.

While in her teens, she appeared so transparently attired at court, that H— M—, with offended modesty, desired her ladyship to dress before she came again to the drawing room; and, on her migration to Scotland, shortly after, she issued cards of invitation to a *Sunday* party in the following words:

"Lady C—— C—— presents com-

"pliments to Mrs. D—— and desires "the honour of her company, on Sun- "day evening next, to a *wicked* rubber."

This was considered so great an insult to the ladies of Edinburgh, that even the elevated rank of the beautiful *offender

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* Her ladyship bestowed her fair hand on a very handsome youth, much her inferior, in Scotland; and has since become a very domestic character.

It is unfortunate, however, that one extreme usually produces another. Love omnipotent has assimilated her ladyship's taste to that of her hus-

did not shield her from their public resentment.

When fashion, resolving to exile decency, protracted the entertainments of the Opera House to a shameful encroachment on the Sabbath day, the venal Caricaturist ridiculed the Bench of Bishops, for resolving to oppose the encroaching evil, with strokes of brilliant humour that rebuked severity; and although the performances have since

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band; and the *aërial sprite* is transformed into an *inflated gourmande!*

been limited to their hour, I do not find the sanctity of the day, otherwise, more respected by those who should give example to their inferiors.

That a tradesman, nailed behind his counter all the week, should hail Sunday as a day of pastime, is reconcileable both to justice and the moral fitness of things.

And how are his eagerly expected wishes gratified?

In a harmless stroll to Bagnigge Wells,

or White Conduit House: to Hampstead, or to Highgate Hills—his wife and children partake, and enhance, his enjoyment; and, while they sip their holiday cup of tea, he smokes his pipe in freedom and honest independance.

"A contented mind"—says Sterne—"is the best offering we can make to "our Creator."

How beautifully does he enforce this sensiment, by grouping a pleasant family, from the grandfather, to his little prattling offspring, dancing after supper

on the green, in manifestation of their gratitude to Heaven.

But where is the sublimity of thought or action, attributable to our higher circles? How do they manifest their gratitude for the superior blessings they enjoy?

In an ambitious study to mock every divine ordinance, by making the commandment, on the Sabbath, the object of their ridicule; and the day of Rest the especial season of their revelry.

Lest any one should doubt this fact I will expose its source, and explain its progress.

Education—nay, start not!—for modern education has been brought forward in a public court of justice, in extenuation of offences, proved to be the *natural result* of early principles, fashionably inculcated to the eradication of all morality.

I readily anticipate the frown of indignation with which the female world will receive an opinion, thus boldly, ad-

vanced; but, however gallant my nature, I shall not, in this instance, sacrifice truth to politeness.

I admit, that education is among the fashions of the day; and, if expence be the criterion by which its morality is to be adjudged, the verdict will be in favour of prevalent accomplishments.

Pray, what are prevalent accomplishments?

Not, simply, a total disregard of every useful branch of education—not

an exclusive attention to those graceful *nothings* which are called the standard of female perfection—*money always excepted*—not a sovereign disregard to the laws of humanity, decency, and morality.....

The evil still goes farther—

Instead of religious principles, a fashionable "INFIDEL CODE" has crept into society, where it is become a cherished guest, by the aid of whose destructive sophistry all human ties are dissolved.

The parent and the child—the husband and the wife—acknowledge no other bonds than those of mutual convenience, and public opinion is become the GOD of universal IDOLATRY.

Public opinion!—the fanaticism that often estranges reason, and makes a monster of its votaries.

Of this fact, a most impressive instance is given in the following anecdote.

In the height of the French revolu-

tion, a Mademoiselle Therouanne—previously celebrated for her youth, extraordinary beauty, and *feminine* attractions—actuated by this demon, headed a party of sanguinary rabble, on the memorable 10th of August, displaying equal courage, presence of mind, and ferocity, in her command.

This lady, afterwards, became the intimate friend of Counsellor Sheares—who since suffered in Ireland for his politics—and she received him in a boudoir, *adorned* with a pike, a dagger, a

broad sword, a case of pistols, and a bonnet rouge.

At length, enamoured with her beauty, and a thousand playful graces that would, at times, characterize her nature, he demanded her blood-stained hand in marriage.

She replied—drawing a pistol from the wall—"*One other word, on that subject, and you are a dead man.*"

External show is the supreme good, and dissipation the early lesson of youth.

To lure a man of wealth into marriage; to manage an intrigue with address; or to achieve a divorce with eclat; are among the *enviable* attributes of female proficiency.

And as the ground work of reputation, the grand maxim of earliest tuition is *thus* understood:

"There can be no wrong while appearances are preserved."

Hence the early induction to the gaming table, private theatricals, and

pic nic *revelries: all scenes *contrived* to contaminate the *innocent* noviciate, and to facilitate the indulgence of every

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* *Much* may be done, behind the curtain, when *modesty* permits *little* deviations, from decorum, before it.

For instance, hunt the slipper is a game, among ADULTS, certainly pregnant with susceptibilities; and a flounced chemise, even when protected by the outwork of an India muslin petticoat, is no very strong rampart against the *bombardments* inseparable from this amusement.

sensuality among the more experienced sages of the age.

Mothers and daughters are not only the jealous rivals of each other; but are, often, *known* to entertain the same gallant—but while the *humane* * matron holds out a sanctuary to the female

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* In Paris, it is by no means unusual to see written on a board, "RIBAUD," or any other name—"ABORTIONAIRE."

The *arts* are certainly in a state of great improvement!

wanderer, with accommodations proportioned to her means, shame is no longer a draw-back on curiosity; for,

"*Skilful amateurs can blush like virgin brides.*"

One of the first masters, necessary to a young lady entering on her teens, is the drill serjeant; the very *nature* of whose lessons familiarizes the *opening* mind to throw off all resemblance to the sensitive plant.

This broad shouldered gentleman is

succeeded by a black Hercules; who, arrayed in all the imposing externals of Rosa Matilda's turban'd Zofloya, teaches his lovely pupil to wanton to the tambourine, in the voluptuous movements of a figurante.

Next follows the Signior Soprano, whose business it is to *awaken* the sensibilities of his pupil to the full conception of harmony; which *sentimental* lesson, certainly, exposes the mind to a *feeling* of dangerous impressions, even when it does no more.

The * botanist—the sculptor—the painter—the antiquarian—follow.....

It is related by an officer of dragoons, who visited the museum at Geneva, that his conductress was a beautiful young girl of eighteen—himself, a soldier, not twenty.

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* The reader will remember Yorick's story of two unfortunate girls; the one, daughter to an accoucheur, the other, to a leather-breeches maker—both of whom, though intuitively innocent, were *sympathetic* martyrs to their father's professions.

His lovely guide led him through a variety of apartments, detailing every thing that she *could know with propriety*, till at length, they arrived at a closet, which she opened; but to which, she said, she could not accompany him.

The traveller hastily perused the curiosities; which consisted in statues, and paintings, of naked figures.

"Did you employ any gallantry on an occasion so propitious—for I think you were without any witness to your

conduct?"—asked a brother officer, to whom, he afterwards related the circumstance.

"Oh"—he replied—"if you could, possibly, conceive how beautiful she looked in my eyes, when I returned! how respectable!—how touching!—She blushed, a little, and was silent: She *knew* the room contained objects improper for the female eye: She *felt* I should make my own conclusions—Yet, was her mind as pure as an angel's!"

This is a very good *traveller's* story;

let the FEMALE PIC NICS decide on the *possibility* and *probability*—as well as the *stupidity*, of the parties, in admiring ART at the expense of NATURE.

There are, also, schools for young women of fashion where carriages are sported for the accommodation of the guests, and splendid parties kept up to familiarize them with the *essentials* of high life.

From one of these hot beds, a young lady of family, lately, eloped with an under gardener; with whom, of course,

she could not have had any previous acquaintance: but the habit of seeing his ruddy cheeks in passing the *nursery* ground, every morning, engendered on the prolific fancy of the *well-educated* Miss, *certain* extravagances of combination; which, extending to a nursery of a different description, she determined, like Eve—

"*To taste and die!*"

How the wedding was managed I do not know, but as the bridegroom thought it would be decorous to give

his lovely bride a companion of her own sex throughout the day, he appointed Mrs. Parsley, a green grocer's wife, to the office; and the party, enlivened by two or three *gentlemen* of his acquaintance, dined at a public-house a few miles from town, at one o'clock, and regaled the whole evening with pipes and tobacco, in a snug arbour in the garden.

Such was the wedding-day of a nobleman's daughter invested with an independant fortune, and the immediate

inheritrix of a peerage in her own right!

To resume the tale.

Their rank in the world, and the claims of society, naturally led Mrs. Wilmot and her fair friend to every place of fashionable resort; but these amiable ladies had, also, their domestic enjoyments.

Mrs. Wilmot had been brought up under the care of a widowed mother, who freely sacrificed the gew-gaw attractions

of the great world, to devote herself to the cultivation of her daughter's mind: and her maternal anxieties were rewarded, by seeing that daughter, elegant without affectation—accomplished without depravity.

Such was the female with whom our heroine was now an inmate. Ellen's virtuous education was, therefore, rather improved by the example of her amiable friend, and the nursery afforded them a sweet recess from the noisy tumults of the fashionable world.

For Mrs. Wilmot loved her urchin—dearly loved him—she was his nurse: and joy, more brilliant, flashed from her animated countenance, as she fondly pressed the little leech to her lovely bosom, than ever emanated from the sparkling eyes of conscious beauty, when, evidently, the magnet of a crowded drawing room.

Nor was it whim, caprice, or sentimental sophistry—Such, as the dangerous Rousseau once poured into every high-born female bosom, and with such ascendancy, that the lovely, blooming,

and universally admired, Duchess of Featherhead, renounced all the glowing vanities of her heart, to become a * nurse to the beautiful Georgina; and bartered the flattery of contending coxcombs, for the cherub-smile of her dimpled infant.

Mr. Wilmot, too, was a family man; and, as theirs had been a love-match—not according to its usual ac-

* This *singular* experiment was made on the present Lady M——— the *supposed* daughter of a *certain* P———

ceptation ; but a union founded on mutual esteem—these domestic parties were, at once, chearful, rational, and instructive.

But the life of Ellen was not doomed to pass without other chequerings. Her beauty, her accomplishments, her fortune, placed her in a point of view to excite much public notice—and admiration could not fail to follow.

Many were the flippant pretenders to her particular notice. Some, enslaved by her beauty—others, by her fortune :

but the elegance of a fashionable shrug, and the merits of a compliment dressed in fashionable *slang*, were equally unintelligible to our heroine; yet the smile of affability always rewarded their *polite* attention.

Among the herd, however, most assiduous in her train, was the honourable Colonel Colville of the guards; who, being the younger brother of an ancient family, had little more to recommend him than an handsome person, and his pay.

It was soon observable by the tabbies and scandal mongers, "that Miss Perceval, with all her affected prudery, could be pleased with a handsome fellow's attention, as well as her neighbours."

It is true, Miss Perceval was pleased with the Colonel's attentions, which equally evinced the scholar and the gentleman.—Not, indeed, with any violence of attachment; but with pure, pleasurable, emotions. Her deluded imagination had not quite expelled her visionary passion, and an involuntary

tear would, sometimes, embalm the memory of her unfortunate cousin Montague.

At length, the Colonel, emboldened by the amiable distinction with which he found himself treated, requested an audience, and declared his passion

Ellen neither fainted, nor wept, on the occasion; but with a pleasing mixture of dignity and affability, thus replied:

"I receive, Colonel Colville, the flat-

tering offer you make me, as a proof of your regard, which does me infinite honour: nor will I deny how much I have been pleased with your society: but the question, you put, is of too much magnitude to be lightly answered. Your family must be consulted: and I have friends to whom my welfare is dear."

The Colonel received these hopes with rapture—called her his better angel—his guardian spirit—and vowed that an eternity of gratitude could not repay his obligation—

"As to my family"—he added—"they will feel honoured by your preference. They are apprised of my passion, and approve it. My sister, Lady Louisa, is dying to be acquainted with you, and I am commissioned by her to solicit you to receive her as a sister."

Ellen smiled, and expressed an earnest desire to have the honour of Lady Louisa's acquaintance.

"But she will not come"—said the Colonel, gaily, unless you *suffer* her to call you sister. Louisa is a self-willed little

baggage, and declares she will not love you—except in her own way."

"Then I must defer the pleasure"—replied our heroine—"you will excuse my leaving you, Colonel, I have an engagement in my dressing-room."

As she arose to retire, the Colonel, respectfully, advanced; and taking her beauteous, unresisting, hand, imprinted a blushing kiss.

In the solitude of her chamber, Ellen sat down to ponder on the events of

the last half hour ; and, although no violent perturbations swelled her bosom, or enthusiasm crossed reflection, she repeated, to herself, with approbation, the offer that had been made her.

She viewed herself an orphan in the world, surrounded by no common temptations; and although she did not entertain any doubt of her own conduct, she thought a virtuous woman's best safeguard was the protection of a husband.

With this disposition, she began to

address the dear and valued friend of her earliest youth, the venerable Mrs. Howard, exposing to her the critical state of her heart; and confiding to her indulgence, the secret hopes, and subsequent pangs, that had alternately pursued her romantic passion for the hapless Montague. She concluded, begging her personal advice.

At three, the carriage had been ordered; and Ellen hurried from her writing table to dress. When she joined Mrs. Wilmot, the latter received her

with an arch smile, calling her a sly girl.

" No indeed, my love—she replied—" it was my intention to have made you acquainted with every thing, that has passed, as we took our drive through the park—I have no concealment."

" Every thing, Ellen?"—was the playful remark of Mrs. Wilmot.

" Yes—Maria! every thing. Is candour so unusual an attribute in

our sex that you should doubt my sincerity?"

"You are serious, Ellen—I am badinante; but the carriage waits; and now for the discovery."

To the explanation given by our heroine, Mrs. Wilmot was particularly attentive; telling her, she suspected as much from the extraordinary embarrassment with which the Colonel had saluted her, as they crossed each other, in the passage, on his going away. And then, with friendly solicitude, she en-

quired of Ellen what her intentions were.

"Really, Maria, I am not prepared for the decision."

"Well, then, Ellen, let me help a lame dog over the style. The Colonel, in the first place, is a very handsome man—but that I suppose I need not tell you"—with a smile of roguery.

"Proceed."

"Secondly, he is a man of family;

and though I do not suppose him to be a Joseph, his character is not stamped with any fashionable * immorality, that might stagger your prudence. In short he is an agreeable, sensible, charming fellow.

"And you would have me venture?"

* The lady certainly meant that the Colonel had not been tried for a crim. con.—had not ruined his *friend's* daughter—and did not appear *in public*, with a dolly hanging on his arm.

"Eh, pourquoi non?—Your fortune is sufficient for you both, and I think I know you too well, to suppose that would form any barrier."

In this way, the two friends discussed the subject, and Ellen promised to think of it.

When a young girl, my good friends, has received an offer of marriage, and promises *to think* of it, there is very little doubt as to the result of such *grave* reflection.

Meanwhile, the gay Lady Louisa had been presented to our heroine, and was a very constant morning visitor.

It was impossible to behold Lady Louisa's beauty without admiration; and she appeared so contented, in herself, that she diffused the charm around her.

Her eyes sparkled with playful intelligence—but they were without softness; no melting tenderness ever spoke in her agitated frame: a smiling pleasure beamed around her person—so agreeable—

such infinity of drollery—with satire so fine—so pointed—that ennui was banished from every circle she ornamented.

Her ladyship had just left school; and was a resident with her aunt, the Marchioness of H——, the Earl, her father, being a widower of rather a *gay* character.

As an only daughter—estranged from the parental roof—she had experienced little controul. Her natural disposition, therefore, which was gaie, folatre, badi-

nante, began to border on flippancy: and extreme beauty being seldom separable from extreme vanity, hauteur and caprice, too frequently, mingled with her humour.

To all which, let me add a cherished taste for every fashionable profusion, and the Elegante will be complete.

In her new friend, Ellen saw much to admire—much to condemn: she was a glaring proof of the fatality of fashionable education, which suffers evil propensities to branch into luxuriance, while

the better dispositions of the heart wither in the bud, for want of judicious pruning.

The colonel was, also, a constant attendant on the ladies, as the avowed future husband of our heroine, who permitted, rather than appreciated, his attentions, in the garb they now wore.

During this intimate association, Ellen would often condemn her own conduct. She knew not how to be capricious, and could not, therefore, under circumstan-

ces, negative expectations she had, partly, encouraged; or oppose the good wishes of her friends without assigning some substantial reason: whereas, the only reason she could give was, that she did not *fancy* herself to be in love—She did not feel as she had felt in anticipating the return of her cousin Montague: no painful inquietude invaded her repose, when the Colonel was absent: no flutterings of the heart announced his approach: no thrilling agonies—no extatic smart—throbbed in her heart when he, rapturously, kissed her passive hand. . . . .

. . . . . .

No !..... hers was a calm approbation of the man whom she was about to call her husband—a negative admiration—not wholly unqualified—that would better apply to the merit of a friend; than to the ardor of a favored lover.

She, sometimes, thought his *natural* disposition not perfectly free from exception, although his *assumed* deportment was certainly engaging.

Three months passed in this way, and the Colonel had not advanced his suit,

although the whole town, eagerly, announced the wedding, when an unforeseen event was propitious to his wishes.

The perturbed state of Ireland, and the new politics of a new legislature, having made a total change in the supreme, as well as military, appointments in that branch of the united kingdom; Colonel Colville was appointed to the command of the Dublin district with the rank of Brigadier General.

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A soldier is the slave of circumstances, and imperious honor calls on him to

obey. No alternative, save one, was left to Ellen.....

To marry, or not to marry?

The Colonel had a host in the Wilmots, and a corps de reserve in his sister.

Ellen surrendered; when an early day was appointed for their marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square; from whence the family party set out for Mrs. Colville's cottage in Berkshire; and, having passed a delightful fortnight,

they returned to town, where every preparation had been made for their departure.

Lady Louisa, delighted with her sister, consented to accompany them to Ireland; and, a few evenings after, they set off in a travelling carriage, attended by the General's staff and suit, for Holyhead.

The Earl of Belmont had been extremely polite, attentive, and gallant, to his daughter-in-law, to whom he pre-

sented, on her marriage, a suit of extraordinary fine pearls—

But his Lordship was celebrated for his devotion to the fair sex; and, notwithstanding his being on the wrong side of fifty, was still a *dangerous* companion.

Take the following sketch of his Lordship's character, while our travellers pursue their route.

The death of his father, while he was still a boy at Westminster, had given him

an Earldom at a time of life when the vanities of the human heart are most susceptible. He grew up in the unwearied pursuit of pleasure, till he became accomplished in the path of vice.

Seduction was familiar to the boy of eighteen, whose every study was included in the arcana of saying and doing a thousand little *inexpressibles*—utterly incomprehensible to vulgar minds—made up of the insinuating relatives of tenderness, deference, and adulation.

His soul conceived stratagems; and

his eloquent eyes gave them the most fascinating forms:—he saw—and conquered!

"What a want of knowledge does that man betray"—according to Sterne—"who suffers the word LOVE to escape his lips, till an hour or two after his silence has become, visibly, tormenting.

"A course of small quiet attentions—not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with, now and then, a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves

nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind."

These were the young Earl's principles: and successful practice confirmed their supremacy in the *noble* art of seduction; leaving, behind, so alluring a ruin, that youth and beauty still are tributary to the refinements of sensuality.

His lordship did not—like a certain noble Duke—keep female jackalls to allure each band-box'd female to his den: nor did he tempt poverty, with gold, to

wander from the paths of virtue. His voluptuous love panted for more sublime enjoyment. He sought out maiden beauty, decorated with tempting youth, and elevated rank—he attacked the virtuous wife whom he found happy in the affections of her lord, and devoted to her rising family—

These were his victims; for *they* yielded to *sentiment*, and rewarded *love*.

This practice was so regular, that he would exclaim, when unemployed, in humble imitation of the Roman Empe-

ror, who deplored, that on a certain day, he had not done *one* good action.....

" I have lost a day."

Yet his Lordship's life was a continued scene of misery in the midst of fancied enjoyment.

The nauseating fondness of the devoted novice, who considered herself wholly entitled to his person.....

The tormenting jealousy of the more experienced sinner.....

Watched by one—suspected by another—reviled by a third: persecuted with compliments—threatened with revenge—distracted with doubts!

Such was the existence of this noble Lord, who had made PLEASURE the sole study of his life; and who, from habit and constitution, suffered the prevailing yoke of beauty, still, to enthrall his declining years.

His Lordship's eldest son was a Senator, enlisted under the banners of Gene-

ral Pitt, in opposition to "ALL THE TALENTS;" but the lordling was to the minister, as the buffoon is to the charlatan.

He amused the house with an incomprehensibility of * voluble declamation,

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* A Barrister of eminence, having received some important information, relative to a newly acquired colony, requested an audience of my Lord C—— *then* Secretary to the colonial department, for the purpose of disclosing its contents.

At the reading, however, the attention of the

by way of throwing dust into the people's eyes, while his superior was slily putting his hand into their pockets.

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noble Lord was lost in yawnings and twirlings of his watch chain, instead of attention to the documents before him: at length, offended beyond endurance, the visitor observed,

"My Lord, you do not *appear* interested in my communications, notwithstanding their importance."

"Why, to tell you the truth"—he replied—*I don't understand those things.*"

His Lordship, however, is a very *flowery* orator, and *useful* statesman.

A very necessary sort of scaramouch to divert political cavillings, and to keep the ministry bull dogs at bay!

The second son was a Captain in the Royal Navy—a distinction, acknowledged and revered by the four quarters of the globe.

General Colville and Lady Louisa close the family picture.

An avant courier having, previously, engaged a packet, our party merely dined at the Head; and the wind being

fair, they repaired on board at eight in the evening: at half past the vessel was under weigh.

The ungallant element, as usual, produced the most distressing qualms on our fair voyagers; they were, however, courageous; and the wind being brisk without violence, they mounted upon deck by seven, the next morning, to contemplate one of the most imposing sights in nature.

It was a beautiful summer's morning: and the glowing fancy of a Claude

would have dwelt enamoured with the scene?

Travellers have compared the bay of Naples to the Bay of Dublin—open, capacious, and skirted with the most sublime and romantic imagery.

On entering the Irish Bay, you are seized with the feelings of a child, who eagerly runs into the expanded arms of friendship, for indulgence and protection—it invites you to an asylum with the most fascinating allurement.

To the right, towers the stupendous hill of Howth—to the left, romantick rocks: the intersecting scenery is diversified by parks, plantations, and rivers, dotted with villages, mansions, and ornamented cottages—above which, the Wicklow Mountains embosom in the clouds.

Wild residence of a deluded people!

And why deluded?

Because, neglected.

Tell John Bull—who piques himself

on the *refinements* of his country, and the *civilization* of its inhabitants—that an Irish mountaineer will call for his wings*, when setting off on a journey,

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* "In the remote parts"—says Tynes Morrisan, who wrote towards the end of Elizabeth's reign—"where the English laws and manners "are unknown, the very chief of the Irish, as "well men as women, go naked in the winter "time; wearing only a linen rag, and a loose "mantle.

"This I speak from my own experience; yet "remember that a Bohemian Baron, coming out "of Scotland to us, by the North parts of the

as mechanically as an Englishman would call for his horse, and the *polished gentle-*

" wild Irish, told me, in great earnestness, that " he, coming to the house of O'Kane, a great " Lord amongst them, was met at the door by " sixteen women, all naked—except thin loose " mantles—whereof eight or ten were very fair ; " with which strange sight, his eyes being daz- " zled, they led him into the house, and then " sitting down by the fire with crossed legs, like " taylors, desired him to sit down with them.

" Soon after, O'Kane, the Lord of the coun- " try, came in, all naked, except a loose man- " tle and shoes, which he put off, as soon as he

man will laugh heartily at the absurdity of the *Irish savage*.

" came in; and entertaining the Baron after his
" best manner in the latin tongue, desired him
" to put off his apparel, which he thought to be
" a burden to him, and to go naked.

" Men and women, at night, going to sleep,
" lie thus naked, in a round circle about the
" fire, with their feet towards it. They fold
" their heads, and their upper parts, in woollen
" mantles, first steeped in water to keep them
" warm,—for they say, that woollen cloth, wet-
" ted, preserves heat (as linen cloth wetted, pre-

Let it, however, be remembered by the philanthropist, that,

As long as the ambition of an Irish peasant is, constitutionally, restricted to a mud cabin—as long as a man, his wife, and a dozen children, can eat, drink, and sleep, in the same miserable hovel, with their pigs and their cow, when rich enough to have them—as long as

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" serves cold) when the smoke of their bodies " has warmed the woollen."

these miserable * cottiers are fated to live on potatoes all the year round—strangers, mostly, to the indulgence of a bit of "*staggering bob*†" when in season, or the comforts of a glass of whiskey to keep out the cold, while toiling in the bogs from morning to night—as long as the rights of human beings are denied to this hardy, miserable, race—IGNORANCE will lead them into ERROR, and

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* Cottagers.

† Slink calf—a great delicacy among the cutters of turf, and others of the lower order of poor,

BIGOTRY maintain the cause with BLOODSHED.

Like a rough diamond, however, an Irishman conceals beneath this rugged exterior—that state policy *forbids* to polish—brilliant and valuable qualities.

He is, by nature, endowed with wit, promptitude, and ingenuity—while his heart is open, warm, and generous.

Courteous, almost to servility, with those who treat him kindly—despe-

rate to madness, in resenting an injury —hospitable, humane, and unsophisticated.

The needy traveller sojourns from town to town, heedless of his empty pockets. At the different hours of rest he presents himself at the nearest cabin —he is received with a "*caith miel a faltroth**," and the largest † potatoe on the dish, is offered to the stranger by his warm-hearted host and family.

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* Hundred thousand welcomes.

† At the poor peasant's, an onion is minced

What refinements of hospitality can exceed this genuine effusion of the soul ?—

Is it among the *polished* lower English, who scrupulously measure every feature of a traveller with the eye of suspicion, and who have not even civility to *offer*,

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into a small wooden bowl with water; into which *savory* mixture, the guests dip their potatoes.

Another *delicacy* is, to place *part* of a herring in the centre of the table, to which it is the practice to *point* the potatoe about to be eaten. This is called "POTATOE and POINT."

till they are assured it will not be *given* away?

It was said by my Lord Chesterfield, when Viceroy of Ireland—"GOD has done every thing for this country; MAN nothing."

An Irishman, indeed, would say "GOD and SAINT PATRICK," as he most religiously believes the country indebted to that popular Saint, for the removal of all venomous animals, as well as other peculiar blessings.

On their landing, the City presented to our travellers—accustomed to the wond'rous extent of London—a beautiful miniature of an enlarged painting, whose harmonious features, though less striking, are more impressive than those of the vast original.

Dublin has to boast of several public buildings worthy the attention of the traveller: among the foremost are,

The Parliament House, built of Portland stone; a beautiful structure of the Ionic order.

Trinity College, likewise of Portland stone; of the Corinthian order, with superb pilastres and festoons. It admits five hundred students: The fellows are restricted from marriage. This building occupies a portion of College Green, and commemorates the fourth day of every November, by a grand gala in honour of King William, which is always honoured with the attendance of the Viceroy.

The Royal Exchange, after the Corinthian order, presents three fronts of Portland stone, surmounted by a central

dome. The entrance by a magnificent flight of stone stairs.

Saint Patrick's Abbey—Bank—House of Lords, &c. &c. are also among the number.

This city possesses one strikingly eminent advantage over England. The streets and squares intended to be superb, are uniformly so.

The shopkeeper, does not, as in London, strut, cheek-by-jowl, with the nobleman—beauty and regularity pervade

the whole; among the most distinguished are,

Montague, Rutland, and * Merrion Squares—Sackville and Westmoreland Streets. Grafton Street is their Bond Street.

Among the attractions of this particular spot, stands foremost, "THE

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* Leinster House, occupies one side of this square. It is the residence of the Duke of that name, and the only nobleman of that rank in Ireland.

"PRINCE OF WALES'S WAREHOUSE" —one of those *convenient* retreats which are set apart, in every metropolis, and, indeed, at every watering place, for the indulgence of the voluptuary, who will have the *first fruits*, in season, coute qu'il coute.

A certain sentimental *stranger* in France, though well acquainted with the language, found a difficulty in translating a sign thus inscribed,

"*L'on fait nôces ici.*"

But the stranger in Ireland—particularly if he be of gallantry—soon learns to translate the "*Ich* * *Dien*" over Mrs. B——'s door—and, although many ladies of ton, *affect* not to frequent this fashionable shop, beautiful women abound there as well as beautiful fruits; and *delicacies*, of every description, are *purchaseable.*

It would be unfair to close this anecdote without a sketch of Mrs. B——, whose humane and benevolent character

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* Literally—"I SERVE."

is a proverbial blessing among the poor.

The determined foe to indiscretion, in the first instance, notwithstanding she appears its patron in a more advanced stage; and the steady friend of the repentant sinner, whom she makes, alike, the welcome partaker of her counsel and her purse.

Let us contrast this *pest to society*, as the rigid moralist will call her, with the *severe virtues* of the Good citizen.

A beautiful young creature, of respectable family, seduced by the systematical arts of an embroidered villain, lately absconded from her family, to domesticate with her destroyer in the neighbourhood of Paddington; where they passed for man and wife.

A short time, however, withdrew this flimsy veil of respectability—she was deserted by her keeper; and left a prey to remorse, that brought with it a long and severe illness.

At length, partially recovered, she

hastened from her detested lodgings, pennyless, and an invalid, in the resolution of *suing* for forgiveness from her parents, and passing her future life in penitence.

But her parents spurned her from their door! Rendered desperate by this last act of cruelty, the unhappy young lady staggered to a public house, where she desired to have a private room.

The servant, shortly after, going in to inquire if she wanted any thing, found

the wretched victim of seduction—the ABANDONED CHILD—a strangled corpse!.....

The river Liffey—like the Thames—meandres through the city, but in a much more narrow stream: it may be crossed by three bridges; the finest of which is Essex Bridge.

The quays are beautiful; particularly Ormond quay, which skirts Essex bridge, and extends on a plain one mile and a half long.

This season of the year is as inimical to gaiety in Dublin, as in London: a ceremonious visit or two at the Vice-roy's were, therefore, almost the only engagements the ladies had in town; but little temporary excursions into the county of Wicklow, opened to their raptured contemplation some of the rarest beauties in nature.

The Black Rock—Battersdown—Dunleary—and, Bray were among their favourite excursions; and, as the naiveté of the Irish character unfolded to

their view, Mrs. Colville and Lady Louisa became enthusiasts in their praise.

One morning, the ladies were indulging a romantic stroll along the sands which border the Black Rock, with a wildness of mirth, and bounding step, not uncharacteristic of the country * Ellen Colville *claimed* as her own; when the lateness of the hour put them in mind of the distance they must have wandered.

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* Born in *England* with the hereditary heart of an *Irishwoman*.

" How shall we get back to the carriage ?"—said our heroine.

" Oh, never fear, my dear"—answered her gay companion—" This is the land of chivalry—and lo! a knight approaches in disguise."

It was really so—a peasant had just turned a projection on the cliffs ; and was approaching in a step that bespoke a heart at ease, to the strains of an ancient national ballad.

" Oh"—said Ellen, pressing the arm

of Lady Louisa—"what sweetness!—what touching expression in these sounds!—.....are such the barbarians of this isle?"

"I am not skilled in the musty old odes of Ossian"—retorted Lady Louisa, with a smile—"but simplicity and sublimity—however strange the union—harmonize so sweetly, in that song, that the unaffected pathos cheers and elevates the mind."

"You are, positively, dwindling into a sentimentalist, my dear Louisa—

my word for it, you will, some day or other, become an Irishman's wife."

"Wife?..... O, che boccone!—What, tamely resign my person to be shut up in some old crazy castle—the former gala residence of my Milesian Lord's proud ancestry—among ghosts, fairies, hobgoblins, and falling turrets? my travels confined to his DOMAIN; or, more aptly, the POTATOE RIDGE that skirts his *splendid* ruins? No!—Ellen, love and liberty is my motto, and shall be my pursuit through life."

"Admirably said—but matrimony, Lady Louisa, is a great leveller: and you would not be the first *independant princess* who has been dismounted from her stilts, by that said mystic ceremony —but a truce to raillery. I will address this peasant."

"We have lost our way, good friend, can you assist us in finding it?"

"Assist you in finding it, my lady?

—aye, by my faith and troth*, and that I will, if it was to the world's end, and farther too."

"We wish to return, by the shortest way, to the Black Rock."

"Indeed and you will—so please your ladyship's honour—and O'Callaghan's

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* I endeavour to give the idiom of the country, but the brogue is not to be described: any attempt so to spell the words would, only, perplex the reader, without assisting the cause.

own self shall show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you * know.

" We would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

" It is never a trouble—so please you my Lady—for an Irishman to do his duty."

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* An English boor will mostly set a stranger wrong—sometimes from ignorance; but, more frequently, from design.

This sentence was accompanied by a bow, and expression, feelingly, eloquent.

When we are particularly pleased with any sound, it is natural to examine the source of that pleasure—the eyes of the ladies turned towards their companion.

This son of Hibernia might have been two-and-thirty,—tall, robust; his limbs combining strength with agility.

His countenance was devoid of that

ruddy flush of health, which distinguishes the English peasant, but his features were lively, and intelligent, although somewhat clouded by a black matted beard. His * brogues depended from the shilelah which crossed his shoulders:

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* Shoes with wooden bottoms.

Mr. Vandeleur, of the Irish House of Commons, declared in his place, that the proposed tax on leather would be severely felt, by the *bare-footed* peasantry, if passed into a law.—Upon which Sir Boyle Roach *shrewdly* remarked, that the evil would not be felt, as their under *leathers* were made of *wood*.

the upper part of his brawny legs were clothed in the ancient costume, which leaves the feet and ankles naked; and a huge mantle *buttoned* across his breast with a characteristic * skewer.

"Whither do you travel, friend?"—said Mrs. Colville.

"To Dublin, so please you, my lady—sure all the world knows that Judy

* The Irish Johnstone appears in some character, covered with a blanket so skewered—it is perfectly classical.

O'Flannagan will be married to-morrow, God willing! to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster brother—because why, we had but one nurse between us, and that was my mother—but she died one day—the Lord rest her sweet soul!—and left me an orphan: for my father married again, and his new wife was the devil's own child, and did nothing but beat me from morning till night—Och, why did'nt I die before I was born to see that day—for, by Saint Patrick, the woman's heart was as hard, and as cold, as a hail stone."

" But what reason could she have to treat you so unmercifully ?"

" Ah, my Lady, and sure enough, there are always reasons, as plenty as buttermilk, for being hard hearted; and I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time—so I could not help myself; and my father did not care to help me; and so I hopped the twig; and parted old nick's darling—Och, may the devil fire her wherever she goes—but here I am alive, and leaping, and going to see Pat married; and faith, to do him justice, he's an honest lad as any within ten

miles of us—and no disparagement neither—and I love Pat, and I love all his family; aye, by my soul do I, every mother's skin of them—and, by the same token, I have travelled many a long mile to be present at his wedding."

"Your miles in Ireland, are much longer, than ours, I believe?"

"Indeed, and you may believe that, my Lady, because why, Saint Patrick measured them in his coach, you know; Oh, by the powers!—the time has been—but 'tis no matter, the devil a copper,

now, belongs to one of the family—but as I was saying, the day has been, aye by my troth, and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them, held up their heads as high as the best; and though I have not a rood of land *belonging* to me but what I *hire*—and that from an old flinty-hearted * *middle-man*—I love my king—and I love my

* There are several persons to be supported *between* the land proprietor and the worker of the land: hence, the extreme poverty of these miserable people. Even the clergy farm their tithes to middle men, called proctors, whose infamous

country—and I love fighting—and the devil a Frenchman shall ever set foot on the sod, but I will lend a hand to plant him where he will never

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extortions were the original cause of the insurrection among the white boys. Roused by suffering, they resolved on vengeance; which they executed by seizing these wretches when they came to distrain; cut off their ears, and buried them, at night, up to the chin in a pit lined with furze bushes. As the place of punishment was the high road, the sufferer remained in that state till relieved by some passengers.

This was called giving the Proctors a "GROUND SWEAT."

grow up again, but wither like an old stump."

" Pray what age is the bride?"

" What age is she?—Oh, by my soul, my Lady, she is a neat article—old enough to be a mother, and young enough to be a wife: Then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark, and as fine as a peacock—because why, she has a great lady for her god-mother—long life and success to her—who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money—and Pat has taken as

pretty apartments as any in Dublin—a neat, comely, parlour, as you'd wish to see, just six foot under ground, with a nice, beautiful ladder to go down, and all so complete, and genteel, and comfortable, as a body may say"—

"Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan."

"Faith, and you may say that—my Lady"—rubbing his hands—"Comfort is comfort, says I, to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we are all seated, so cleverly, round a great big turf fire, passing the

whiskey jug, and the * pipe, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunters

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* "A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who "stood over against me in the circle, putting "something first under his arm, which had "once been a hat, took his snuff box out of his "pocket, and generously offered a pinch on "both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence "and modestly declined—the poor little fellow "pressed it on them with a nod of welcomeness "'—prenez en—prenez,' said he looking another way—so each took a pinch."

And why may not I, by way of postscript, add that a short black stump of pipe, perhaps hereditary, is, *most cordially*, passed round, in Ireland,

snoring, so sweetly, in the corner; defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to sleep upon: Och, jewel, sure its not the best beds that make the best sleepers: for there's Kathleen and myself can

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from one to another, on a morning early, as a repellant to the noisome vapours of the bogs, at which men and women labor, indiscriminately, in cutting turf?

This national *bienseance* is always offered with an averted look, to remove obligation.

The Frenchman's was an act of COURTESY. The Irishman's is an act of genuine PHILANTHROPY.

sleep like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest, because why, we sleep on the ground, and have no bed at all, at all."

" Pity, my honest fellow, you should ever want one"—said our heroine, placing a guinea in his hand.

" Amen!"—said Lady Louisa, adding another.

Surprise and gratitude, in an unadulterated mind, are eloquently dumb. .

. . . . . .

O'Callaghan could not speak, but, with the thread-bare sleeve of his tunic, he wiped a dewy moisture from the corner of his eye—

The ladies had, now, approached within sight of their servants, who came to meet them.

" Good bye, Mr. O'Callaghan."

" May God and the Blessed Virgin bless you, and yours, as long as grass grows, and water runs !"

Such was the grateful benediction of an "*Irish savage!*"

Shortly after this adventure, the General and his party were invited to pass a week with Robert Gore, Esq. of Sea View, in the county of Wicklow—about seventeen miles distant from Dublin.

Generous, vehement, and inconsiderate, Mr. Gore is the prototype of his national character, and it may appear somewhat singular, to strangers, that

Irish hospitality is perfectly free from ostentation—it proceeds from a cordial wish to *communicate* pleasure: the guest, therefore, instead of being harassed with ceremony, and fatigued with compliment, finds all the freedom of a hotel, within a gentleman's country * house; where, in short, every one does as he pleases.

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* This *was* the case with the late Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey—but it forms a solitary instance in this country.

For the amusement of his friends; and, indeed, for that of the whole county; Mr. Gore has always kept his pack of hounds—his horses—and his sailing boats—the country on the one side, and the sea on the other, giving alternate variety to their pleasurable pursuits.

On the second day, an old Harper—as is the custom of the country—presented himself, at Sea View, with a complimentary set of verses on the company.

Curran, who happened to be of the party, meaning to *quiz* his countryman, requested he might be permitted to repay the bard in literary coin instead of a purse; and did so.

But the Harper, no way thrown off his guard by this unusual recompence, composed the following * improvisatori on the back of the counsellor's couplet.

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* A subscription was instantly made for the *itinerant* wit.

" This the return, by Curran made,
" For a poor poet's strain!
" Was *he*, for pleading, this way paid,
" He'd never plead again."

The Irish are a nation of wits—prompt and poignant—whether from educated, or unsophisticated, minds: the only difference is, the garb it assumes.

Dean Swift, whose wit *could* be very broad, was of a churlish disposition; and, by his habitual moroseness, became the terror of all the young idlers about the streets.

Having, one day, vainly endeavoured to rout a ragged party engaged at marbles, he lost all patience, and advanced with his uplifted cane to chastise the offenders: upon which, a boy of ten years old—folding his arms, and assuming an air of bold defiance—retorted in the Dean's own words.

" **Get you gone Rawhead and bloody bones!*

" *Here is a boy, that don't fear you.*"

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* Part of a nursery song composed by the Dean; and thus, *pertinently* quoted, by the boy, with witty promptitude.

The Dean loved wit too well not to forgive the boy and to reward him.

Their next visit was to Mr. Grattan's beautiful seat Tinnahinch ; which borders the Dargle, on one side, nearly to its extent.

All that has been said of Swiss scenery, or the lakes of Geneva, even by the most enthusiastic admirers of the beauties of nature, is scarcely adequate to a description of this fairy region. Perhaps the former may excel in sublimity of objects; but nothing can surpass

the scenery of the Dargle, in harmonizing the wild and fantastic sports of nature.

On one side, a magnificent peak adorned with a beautiful view of *Powerscourt, one of the finest seats

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* The seat of Lord Powerscourt, standing in a beautiful and extensive park, where holiday folks repair, for enjoyment, as they do, here, to Windsor Park: but the Irish landlord provides every necessary utensil, &c. for the convenience of the humble visitants, who do him *the honor* to make themselves happy on his estate.

in the kingdom—on the other, a delicious plain exhibiting the richest verdure grouped with forest trees—the whole, encircling an extensive lake—now, smooth and unruffled—now, panting with the light pressure of the evening, breeze—now glittering in a variety of prismatic colors, reflected by the last beams of the setting sun.

Solitude, however, is removed from the interesting recesses of this lake, by a stupendous * waterfall; which, rushing

* Waterfalls abound in Ireland, and are among

from an immense height, forms a romantic thunder on the astonished ear.

Here, Mrs. Colville and Lady Louisa became acquainted with the gay, lovely, and interesting Lady Butler; and the General being called, by his military duties, to a tour of his district, they accepted her ladyship's most pressing invitations to pass the intervening time at her little ferme ornée, a few miles distant.

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the objects eagerly visited by the curious traveller.

Indeed, Lady Butler can never ask in vain: every Circean power is hers — and, like the goddess of that name, she makes fascination the handmaid to every voluptuous recreation of mind, of body, and of soul.

With youth, wit, beauty, all peculiarly her own, she became, at a very early age, the wife of my Lord Butler; who, at the time, had just passed his twenty-first year.

But how uncongenial was the match!

His Lordship's first prospects, in life, held out so few allurements, that the necessity of education was not thought of; insomuch, that, at the age of twelve, he could not read; nor did he know the use of shoes and stockings: but a sudden *rot* having pervaded the honourable family, seventeen intervening branches rapidly dropped off, when the wild Irish boy was trimmed up into a lordling, and sent to Westminster school.

On his return to Ireland, a match was settled between my Lord Wexford—a

law lord, and his Lordship's guardian—and Miss Montgomery, his Lordship's niece; the beautiful object of our present memoir.

Her entrée into life, under the *immediate* auspices of Lady Wexford, and her bosom friend, Lady Donnybrook—both veterans in the school of dissipation, though blooming in beauty—was marked by imitation; and, with such consummate skill, that she soon emulated the proficiency of her *accomplished* tutors*.

* This triumvirate, of fashion, were allegori-

Beautiful trifler!—hitherto hast thou wantoned, safely, on the flowery paths of vice—unadmonished! unchastised!—

But, when the intoxication of the senses is over—when the illusion of the passions is vanished— how deplorable will the errors of love appear, to thy no longer deluded imagination!

It is the practice of the Parisian vo-

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cally called, "*Three Seven Shilling Pieces, or change for a Guinea.*"——

Elegant and *descriptive* compliment!

luptuary, who *sentimentally* indulges the sensibilities of the heart, without violating the laws of society, to keep a *petite maison*, in the suburbs, sacred "TO LOVE, AND TO MYSTERY."

On the appointed evening, Madame is afflicted with an excruciating headache, and retires: the porter closes her doors against the fashionable world, and the household is hushed in silence.

At this propitious moment, the fille de chambre, habited as a smart laquais, escapes at the postern, and provides a

fiacre—Madame, in disguise, follows; and they reach the "TEMPLE DES DE-"LICES."

Madame s'habile d'une maniere la plus galante; and her little Mercury attends to lead the panting lover to his eager wishes.

Two covers are laid at the foot of a superb fauteuil — lights innumerable glitter round the room—and every impassioned tournure of the person is reflected by large mirrors.

Here the favored youth reposes, like a luxurious Eastern in the midst of his haram ; for, in France, the female libertine assumes many characters :—ENFANT —RAISONNABLE—FOLATRE—SENSIBLE—

And her successful artifices are rewarded by the new homage she receives in each successive, and delusive, variety of form.

Her ladyship's cottage appeared to have been constructed for the same *wise* uses.

Simply reared, in the gothic style, this sweet recess was approached, by an antique colonnade, from a lawn; whose mossy carpet was variegated with a frame work enclosing every scarce and aromatic shrub.

Nothing could exceed the tasteful arrangement of the whole, except my Lady's boudoir; which, in truth, appeared more the work of supernatural agency than that of mortal hands.

The walls were pannelled in Indian paper with burnished borderings—an

Indian matting covered the floor: two recesses contained inimitable statues of the Antinous and the *Medicean Venus —Turkish ottomans, in scarlet and gold,

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* " The ANTINOUS is entirely naked—all its " proportions are bigger than nature; but the " whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of " the figure, carry such an expression of ease, " elegance, and grace, as no words can des- " cribe.

" When I saw the VENUS, I was rapt in won- " der—and I could not help casting a *thought* " back upon Antinous. They ought to be placed " together—if marble could *see* and *feel*, the se- " paration might be *prudent*: if it could only

surrounded the room: a globular urn descended from the painted clouds, on the cieling, by gilt chains, and burned with the most odorous pastilles; while its transparent contour described, in glowing colors, the amorous metamorphosis of Jupiter. The several pannels gave projection to small slabs, of statuary marble with silvered railings; on

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" *see*, it would certainly lose its coldness and " *learn* to *feel*."

These opinions of L. M. W. M. were perfectly understood by her ladyship, who could SEE, FEEL, and CONJECTURE !

which, the most curious exotics bloomed in finely ornamented vases—the whole, combining an effect that captivated the eye, and enslaved the senses.

A rookery gives perpetual twilight to this apartment, and twilight gives interest to mystery—while the cawings of the feathered inhabitants resemble the distant rushings of a steep cascade, and remove the terrors of solitude.

On approaching this seductive spot, our heroine instinctively receded: it created a momentary pulsation inimical to

modesty; and the painful oppression was accompanied with an involuntary blush.

With Lady Louisa, the effect was still more dangerous—a burning heat gave violent agitations to her bosom—her heart beat wildly—and, for the moment, she *might* have *doubted* its virgin purity.

The former entered with reserve—the latter with rapture. But the playful fascinations of their beautiful hostess, in part, restored them.

They reclined on the ottomans,—for the room was without chairs: a low Indian cabinet stood near Mrs. Colville's elbow:

She took out a volume superbly bound in red morocco—she opened the vellum leaves—"*Le Sopha:*" she took a second—"*Contes de la Fontaine:*" a glance sufficed—she feared to venture on a third, and was silent.

Lady Louisa's eyes, flashing with electric sparks from within, almost gloat-

ed on the witcheries around her:—at length,

"Good Heaven, my dear Lady Butler, you are a perfect sorceress—I suppose, when without company, you work here, while my Lord reads to you."

"Indeed!"—replied her ladyship—"you would make a most unfashionable wife, my love, if such is, *really*, your supposition. Husbands are plagues that must be kept at a distance—when I re-

tire, *here*, to indulge myself, I never admit CARE of the party."

There was an equivoque, in the last sentence, which lost none of its point for want of archness—

The conversation, now, was confined to Lady Butler and Lady Louisa; the latter, of whom, entered into the spirit of the scene, till her heated imagination dealt in *visionaries* as dangerous as the *realities* of her experienced friend.

Our heroine was amazed—abashed

—she wished herself an hundred miles off; but she must await the General's return.

Retiring to dress, she recapitulated the évenements of the morning with no small degree of inquietude—Lady Butler was, certainly, a most bewitching creature; but, as certainly, a very improper confidante for a young woman, either married or single. She, therefore, resolved to leave the house as soon as the General returned, and even to hint, to him, her delicate fears on the

propriety of his sister's continued intimacy with *such* a friend.

At dinner, the party was increased by two newly-arrived guests. The honorable Mr. Ponsonby, and Sir Giffard Pierrepoint—both, elegant in their manners, and singularly handsome in their persons.

It is the custom, in Ireland, when making parties, to ask Mrs. A—— because she will be delighted to meet Mr. B—— and so on: thus, the whole company are paired with so much satisfac-

tion to each other, that individual joy creeps into a general gaiety; like the solitary dish, at a Pic-Nic, growing into an ornamental supper.

Indeed, the wish to afford pleasure to others, without embarassing self, is better understood, in this country, than elsewhere—the fatigues of an entertainment, in England, often making the mistress of the revels an object of commiseration, instead of envy.

I will exemplify the fact, by a story; which, however singular it may appear,

has been represented, to me, as true as gospel.

A gentleman, and his groom, travelling, on horseback, through the North of Ireland, were overtaken by a storm; from the violence of which they sheltered in a neighbouring cabin.

While the hail pelted, unmercifully, on the thatched covering of the humble roof, the traveller entered into conversation with his host; and, naturally, inquired if any house was near where he might be accommodated for the night.

"The devil a house, your honor, but one, between this and Bally-bofey — for many's the weary mile—and there your honor's honor will be sure to get a hearty welcome, and a neat horse-whipping into the bargain."

"Horse-whipping?—my honest fellow: I don't understand your meaning."

"Oh, never fear—your honor—I'll engage you'll understand the *meaning* before this time to-morrow."

The singularity of these words exci-

ted the curiosity of the traveller, who was a perfect stranger to the country; and, by dint of inquiry, he understood that the remote situation of the house, in question, often occasioned travellers to put the hospitality of the owner, Mr. Mahony, to the test; all of whom were received with every apparent kindness, and, invariably, *treated* with a sound horse-whipping at parting.

In an hour's time, the atmosphere cleared, and the horsemen pursued the directions they had received, towards the horse-whipping seat of entertainment.

With a scrutinizing eye, the traveller measured every look and action of his host; who, on the other hand, welcomed him with the most unreserved and polished courtesy.

Shortly after, a livery servant appeared with a bill of fare, which Mr. Mahony presented to his guest; requesting, he would order what he liked for supper.—

The stranger, accordingly, named a dish, and the master named another—they continued to chat till supper time.

The frugal meal was cheerful—the port excellent—and the two gentlemen were so pleased with each other's company, that they did not part 'till a very late hour.

Morning came; and, with it, the *expectation* of a horse-whipping.

The stranger neither wanted strength nor courage—his servant was of approved fidelity—and it was settled, between them, to make a manly resistance to any insult that might be offered.

Coming into the breakfast parlor, he found Mr. Mahony, in waiting, who received him with increased kindness; and while they breakfasted, pressed him, with so much unfeigned solicitation to continue his guest, some days longer, that the stranger, at length, exclaimed;—

"Upon my soul, Mr. Mahony, I could pass my life with you; but what is become of your horse-whipping?"

"My dear Sir,"—replied he, laughingly—"I will explain that mystery."

"I am frequently called upon to receive strangers, and take pleasure in the offices of benevolence; but while I seek to *gratify others*, I cannot bear to be a *sufferer* for my own good will.

"A bill of fare, as last night, has always been presented to my guests, who have, constantly, given me the trouble to serve up a costly supper, because they would not name what they liked—and, for this trouble, I always chastised them.

"You are the only exception—we supped at our ease, and passed a rational

evening—instead of a horse-whipping, suffer me to offer you my friendship."

This explanation produced a hearty laugh, and the two friends spent a pleasant week together.

In sending for Ponsonby and the Baronet, Lady Butler knew that she should please herself; and, if she might judge the *Platonics* of her beautiful guests, by the mercury in her own thermometer, one, or both, of them might be likewise pleased—for so devoted was her Ladyship to the art of making every body

happy, that she would have forgiven a casual infidelity, even in her favorite Ponsonby.

The business of the day was thus regulated.

After breakfast, the gentlemen amused themselves in practising, at a mark, with pistols; while the ladies retired: at two o'clock, the whole party mounted a low jaunting car,* and drove away in

* Or Irish vis-a-vis. The company sit, longitudinally, with their backs to each other.

search of adventures: in the evening, they strolled into the beautiful recesses of the neighbouring woods, pairing like turtle doves, and *wilfully* losing company in their mazy walk.

Ponsonby and Lady Butler—Sir Giffard and Lady Louisa—to Ellen Colville's share, his doughty Lordship was appropriated.

An encreasing intimacy, too much like levity, was apparent in Lady Louisa's conduct; and our heroine, half jo-

kingly, and half seriously, ventured to expostulate with her on the occasion.

"Jealous! by all the powers of captivation"—exclaimed her Ladyship, with a theatric step and tone—"Oh, Pierrepoint is the sweetest fellow!—do you know what I have promised him, Ellen?"

"Indeed, my love, I do not; but I am *sure* nothing improper."

"That *sure*, now, is so slily put in—it implies a doubt—but I will not be

huffed, Ellen,"—pouting—"and you are become, lately, so unlike yourself—so methodistical—there is no bearing you—so, that's poz."

"As long, my dear Lady Louisa, as your own good sense *applauds* your actions, it would be impertinent in any one to suppose them faulty. Will you not tell me what you have promised."

"I don't know, Ellen——"

"Nay, my love, that very hesitation arraigns your prudence—surely, one gid-

dy creature may be trusted with the secret of another—tell me, Louisa."

"Well, then, Lady Butler means to get up a private play next winter, and I have promised to play Mrs. Sullen to Pierrepoint's Archer."

"Indeed !....."

"I am not in leading strings, Mrs. Colville,"—with which words, she left the room bridling, and flushed with displeasure.

It is too true that our heroine's character had, lately, assumed a sombre cast very foreign to the natural gaiety of her temper. She did not find the world so full of attractions, as her fancy had taught her to expect. She caught herself, often, moralizing on the eventful changes of life, and the insufficiency of mortal wisdom to guard against impending sorrows, cloked in approaching smiles.

Ellen Colville was, indeed, a young philosopher!

"How, cries the critic," a blooming

bride, adored by a young and handsome husband, with wealth to command, "turn philosopher.—Impossible!"

Alas! what are youth, beauty, and riches, compared with intellectual enjoyment! They wither under the influence of reason, when mutual attachment ceases to keep them in blossom!

The General was capricious—sometimes authorative: while our heroine—who had pictured, in her cousin Montague, a being all tenderness, softness, and

complacency—shuddered at the contrast her fate had realized.

In this mood, her imagination would wander in pursuit of the ideal object so congenial to her own heart.—She found him winning—gentle—insinuating—

One, who without degrading the dignity of man, could yield to the little fondnesses, and indulge the whims, of feminine weakness.....

There was a want of delicacy, in the General's love, that ill accorded with El-

en's feelings: his temper was quick—impetuous—overbearing.

She saw she was not to be happy; but she resolved to submit, with patient forbearance, to that fate which was NOW incontrovertible.

In reveries, thus fatal to her repose, she had began too freely to indulge; till, trembling for Lady Louisa, she benevolently sacrificed the beloved vision of her soul, to an active interest in the preservation of that lovely girl—she,

therefore, sought her, and they were soon reconciled.

It was Monday, and a holiday—Lady Butler proposed that they should order an early family dinner; and drive, in the evening, to the Dargle, where they would see thousands of tradesmen with their wives and daughters, all spruced out in their best bibs and tuckers, gambolling at pleasure, obedient to the impulse of the moment, the true sons and daughters of unperverted nature.

"The Irish"—continued her ladyship,

—"dance *with all their heart*; and OUR JIG is particularly calculated for the full indulgence of this national trait.

"When the old harper begins to sweep his cords, or the piper breathes his first inspiring note, the summons is electric; our national music, like the bite of a tarantula, enfrenzies the parties: the spirit of rivalry is general and unabated: each dances as long as nature will sustain the exercise; and, when one party retreats, the conqueror bows to another, who accepts the chal-

lenge with alacrity; and, having danced his, or her, partner breathless — bows to a third; and so on, till the festival closes."

The event justified the description given by her ladyship — and, for this evening, Ellen Colville reclined upon the arm of the elegant Ponsonby.

The environs of the Dargle were bespangled with finery, glittering in every color of the rainbow, as Greenwich Park is, at the annual fairs: but,

here, dancing was the almost universal order of the day.

It is not possible for an enthusiastic mind to look, with indifference, on this national sport; which is chaste as it is impassioned — devoid of eastern voluptuousness; yet glowing with animated sentiment.

The soul flies up to the eyes — and the inspired countenance beams with the mildest rapture.

Ponsonby, perceiving the pleasure

with which his fair protegeé gazed on the happy throng, led her to a spot, to which his attention had been directed by the graceful movements of a young female dancer.

"Observe," said he, "the unaffected ease of that delicate form, modestly bending to the expressive variations of the dance — now drooping with languor!—now elated with joy!

"Ellen gazed with transport — The maiden's eyes were black and sparkling with pleasure — her face exquisitely

fair, and every feature intelligent: her form *petite et pliante* — she appeared to tread an air.

"Among the ancients" — said Mr. Ponsonby — "the song and the dance formed records in the state; and, at the present day, poetical fictions are personified by a corps de ballet at the Haymarket. Telemachus is shipwrecked on the island of Calypso; or, the beautiful Daphne flies from the enamored God, and changes to a laurel, at the fiat of fashion: — all which effect is produced by an assemblage of

wonderful antics, and *hyperbolical grimace* —— but an Irish jig speaks from the heart to the heart; and is perfectly understood.

Our heroine was surprized at this remark; Mr. Ponsonby had appeared to her gay, lively, and frivolous — he, now, wore the more engaging character of an enlightened companion.

Poor Ellen! how little did she know the world—

When she had seen Ponsonby sportive as a kitten, she was not aware

that he adapted his manner to his object; and that the same rule instructed him in the way to please her.

The emigrations from Ireland are, too frequently, composed of a set of men, who do not offer to the world, at large, any very seducing picture of the country that gave them birth; but let the traveller, who is inquisitive as to the national character, visit the Irishman of birth on his domain; and he will ever find the accomplished scholar united with the polished gentleman and the hospitable landlord.

Among their faults — for none are perfect — are the love of wine, produced by the natural conviviality of their dispositions; and gallantry, emanating from habit and constitution.

On both these points, Mr. Ponsonby was a true Irishman—

Ellen presented to him a human being, in the form of an angel: he read the correctness of her principles in the correctness of her manners: for he was skilled in all the intricacies of the human heart, and knew when to retreat

—when to urge on to victory: he, therefore, attacked our heroine with the *flattery* to which she was most susceptible.

How stupidly all mankind mistake the servility of a Parasite, for flattery.

Flattery is not confined to any set of actions, or phrases: it is a delicate distinction, founded on a thorough knowledge of the human heart, by which, one object becomes endeared to another.

It consists, in an *assumed* similarity of taste, which generates friendship in one sex, and love in the other:—

It is, in short, the art of governing the follies, or propensities, of our friends: of discovering the secret springs of their actions: of compelling them to play to our hand at every game: of making them subservient to our designs, while we induce them to believe the contrary—

Under this form, Ponsonby had been accustomed to insinuate, imperceptibly,

into the very heartstrings of his devoted victims: Ellen Colville was a new subject for his genius to work upon.

The sun was, now, retreating towards the westward—an almost extinguished glory, feebly, shot from its departing rays, tinging, with a rich glow, the surrounding scenery.

"How beautiful"—said her companion—"are the works of nature—how sublime!—how infinitely beyond the impotency of mortality!"

Ellen contemplated the scene with a philosophic eye——

"And yet"—said she—"how blind are we to the charms of creation, and mad in our pursuit of superficial works of art! Any new-fangled bauble, planned by a fashionable workman, collects the wondering crowd; and fashionable approbation stamps celebrity on his labors—while the peaceful happy scene, before us, would raise no other emotion in their high-born minds, than that of ridicule."

"True"—replied Ponsonby—"Fashion will run after a dancing automaton, at Merlin's, or at Maillardet's, and make it the subject of conversation for a whole week; yet would look, *without feeling*, on the dances which have so sweetly interested you this evening."

"I *thought* you were of high fashion, Mr. Ponsonby; and yet you do not mock my *foolish* sensibility"..... smiling——

"Mock you, Mrs. Colville!—good

heaven! *what* must the man be, who could mock the most refined enjoyments of a vivid fancy, corrected by a virtuous mind?"

The conversation was growing too intimate; for it is certain, that a union of sentiment removes all barriers to the heart—Ellen *felt* a sudden check; and giving a light turn to the conversation, desired they might seek their party.

Reader, if thou art a casuist, explain to me, I pray thee, whence that sudden

check arose; which I have recorded in the preceding sentence?

Silent!——

Well, then, let me attempt the definition.

Our ideas are so immediately associated with our senses, that the imagery awakened by the ONE, owes all its magic to the OTHER.

"Philosophers"—says a celebrated German writer—"will tell you of the

pleasures of the soul—the pleasures of the heart—the pleasures of virtue—

"Now all these—refine them as you will—are merely sensual pleasures, because they owe their birth to the *representation* of the senses.

"Why do we prefer Homer to a dry treatise on philosophy?

"Is it not, because his poetic fancy abounds in rich coloring which gives enchantment to his imagery? And

shall we not prefer, at all times, pleasure to pain?

"Who would not, rather, contemplate a beautiful than disgusting object? and whence arises the distinction?

"From the senses!—for virtue is alike beautiful—be the form whatever it may.

"Tell me, then, what are the affections of the heart, but sensual propensities?

" Doth not the first emotion that occupies the bosom of the blushing virgin, communicate a voluptuous glow to her whole system? Does it not quicken the circulation of her blood—tremble in her every fibre—impart, to the whole machine, its exquisitely prevailing ardors?

" And do not—hope—pity—admiration—and all the other passions—produce a like effect?

" Who ever heard the tempest rage —beheld the impetuous waves dart all

their vengeance 'gainst his vessel's side —and could maintain the conflict, uncheared by hope?

"Who ever heard the plaintive cry of helpless misery—beheld the agonised mother weeping o'er her perishing infants—and could view the scene, unmoved by pity?

"Who ever heard the valor of his country's heroes trumpeted abroad—beheld them return amid the huzzas of applauding citizens—and could stand by, uninspired with admiration?

"If our most amiable emotions, then, are not voluptuous, why do they so feelingly affect the senses?"

But they are voluptuous; and all our passions owe enjoyment to the senses.

Ponsonby perceived, with rapture, the ground he was gaining, but would not oppose the motion of his lovely companion. He was too wily to alarm her mind by any impetuosity of his own: the alarm was to come from

SELF, and the thing was evidently in train—they joined their friends.

Cars, * noddies, and vulgar vehicles of every description were now in motion to remove the lingering crowd.—As our party still continued to stroll amid the bustle, a blind minstrel, with his bag-pipes under one arm, and his

* A one-horse chaise that plies in stands like hackney coaches in London. It has a covered head, and a seat for the herculean driver immediately behind the horse, and in front of the passenger. It does not convey any lively idea of the *otium cum dignitate*.

wife under the other—staggering with whiskey—halted at the sound of voices, and taking off his hat, said, with a scrape of his hind foot—

" And may be your honor would be after ordering a poor piper to drink your honor's health—"

" We are going to a wake, your honor"—said the woman—" and have not a rap between us, nor a toothful of comfort to keep out the cool night air—"

"Arrah, now, will you behave yourself, and bad luck to you"—replied the husband—"and not be after shewing your manners to a gentleman—Och, honey, take my advice, I tell you—shut your potatoe trap; and let me speak to his honor."

"The whiskey bottle"—said Lady Butler—"seems to have made you both orators. If you drink more, you will possibly lose your way."

"Oh, let me alone for that, your honor—"whiskey—good luck to it—

is meat, drink, washing, and lodging, to a poor man—it makes him forget when he is hungry, your honor, and keeps out the cold, in travelling, when he makes a *feather-bed* of the first dry ditch he tumbles into—"

There was rhetoric in this appeal, and a thousand blessings were exchanged, by the piper and his wife, for the alms they received.

A wake, in Ireland, is a scene of festivity and merriment, which collects an immense assemblage of men and

women, to howl round the corpse of a deceased neighbour, which is usually laid out in some large barn, or other capacious building.

Smoking and drinking is the amusement of the night, heightened by story telling of * ghosts and fairies—in which

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* Various are the incantations and ceremonies, used by these superstitious people, to avert the powers of witchcraft; such as taking the milk from one neighbour's cow, and adding it to another.

An instance of this kind, has happened within this fortnight, in which three persons were

the lower Irish are implicit believers—as well as by feats of rude buffoonery, and boisterous mirth.

These amusements, however, are subject to temporary interruptions from the nearest relatives of the deceased, who are stationed round the corpse; and, at a signal given, the howl becomes

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shut up in a room with an old enchantress, two of whom were suffocated by her spells; and the life of the third despaired of: the witch was, also, found in a dangerous way, but has been committed to prison.

general for a few minutes—after which, the most extravagant, among them, who during this *solemn* chorus have torn their hair, and beat their breasts, will be foremost in joining the first rude provocation to returning merriment.

On the following morning the General returned, to the very great satisfaction of his wife, who determined to press their departure on as early a day as propriety would admit; but the General was, himself, fond of a bottle of good claret, and was extremely

pleased with the party he had met with.

Patience! .....

Ponsonby, now, sought opportunities of being particular in his attentions to our heroine, but they had so little the appearance of premeditation, and were so delicate, that she could not, in justice, complain.—On the contrary, she took pleasure in the conversation of a man of sense, which was not lessened—as every female will believe—

by his being the handsomest man she had ever seen.

Could a guardian sylph have whispered into her ear, that Lady Butler had employed her favourite to *remove* the superiority of Mrs. Colville over herself, she would have been more reserved: but as it was, Ellen unaffectedly expressed, in words and actions, the pleasure she received in Ponsonby's society.

At length, the hour of separation

came—but it was a mere transfer: autumn was closing; and they were soon to meet, again, in celebration of "THE WINTER IN DUBLIN.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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